



We have been favoured by the author, the Rev. F. G. Scott, of Drummondville, P.Q., with a copy of "The Soul's Quest and Other Poems"—a volume which, though only issued last year, is already an "own familiar friend" to some of our readers. The opening poem, which gives the book its title, was written during Mr. Scott's residence in England, and is dated from Coggeshall, Essex, November 12, 1886. Others were written in London, but most of them had their pre-natal growth, if not their birth, in the author's native Canada. A few of them, indeed, such as the "Requiescat" to the memory of General Gordon, we recollect having seen in Montreal newspapers. The stanzas, "In Memoriam" of "those killed in the Canadian Northwest, 1885," has the true patriotic ring:

"Lay them where they fought and fell;
Every heart shall ring their knell,
For the lessons they have taught us,
For the glory they have brought us,
Though our hearts are sad and bowed,
Nobleness still makes us proud—
Proud of light their names shall shed
In the roll-call of the dead!

We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep
Where the call of duty led,
Where the lonely prairies spread,
Where for us they fought and bled,
Our loved, our lost, our glorious dead!"

"A British War Song," spirited and of trumpet note, was written early in the same year, 1885, during the complications between England and Russia on the Afghan frontier question. That, however, is only one of Mr. Scott's moods. As a rule, he is contemplative rather than impetuous. As he says himself of his poetry:

"The roots
Are down, far down within the spirit's depths,
Amid the voiceless shadows of the soul."

By training a son of his age, he is by sympathy a child of the past as well as of the present. Quick to feel the drift of the intellectual movement by which he is hurried on, he clings, in mystical fashion, to beliefs which tradition has hallowed and the urgent cravings of the human soul have justified. Anglican by name, his Catholicism is of widest range:

"Was it in vain that Buddha taught,
Or that Mohammed lived and died?
Have they not, working side by side,
In different climes, God's purpose wrought."

The whole poem is worth quoting:

O Christian sage, who lov'st thy creeds,
Think not the ropes that bind thee fast,
Like storm-tossed sailor to the mast,
Can answer yet each brother's needs.

Oh, dream not the Almighty power
Must ever work in one known way;
Nor think those planets have no day
Whose suns are other suns than ours.

"The Soul's Quest" exhibits another side of the many-minded poet. It glorifies the idea of submission, of resignation, of "peace in believing." The true goal of the storm-tossed spirit is the Cross—which goal once reached and its boundless efficacy recognized, there is no more unrest, but "joy and peace forever more." The versification of this poem is, perhaps, the best in the book, being smooth, flowing and musical. The two other longer poems are "Justin," based on an incident in the life of Justin Martyr, which legend assigns as the cause of his conversion.

"Down by the sea * * * * *

* * * * * lay Justin, worn with grief,
And heart-sick with vain searching after God.

His soul is racked with doubt and the discord of which he is a part. He prays for the release of death. Then came a silence:

"And in the silence Justin heard a voice
And the warm throbbing of a human heart.
And through the darkness moved the form of Christ,
White-robed, with crown of thorns, and those sad eyes
That saw His Mother weep beside the Cross."

The discord is changed to harmony:

"Then, turning, Justin suddenly beheld
A man of years."

And so, in well chosen words, Mr. Scott gives his version of the legend, how Justin discarded all "false philosophies, until at last

His life set in the crimson of his blood
And rose in splendour near the throne of God."

"Evolution" is also a fine poem, from which we would gladly quote, if space permitted. "Wahonomin" is the title of "The Indian Jubilee Hymn to the Queen," a touching poem, the keynote of which is "We perish with the woods." Some of the shorter poems, including the sonnets on Shakespeare, on Westminster Abbey, Rome, Madame Tussaud's, etc., show vigour and subtlety of thought and grace of expression. We shall have opportunities in future issues of placing some of these before our readers. "The Soul's Quest and Other Poems" was published in London by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, French and Company.

In the guise of "Mr. Naydian's Family Circle," the author of "Lusor Lustratus," makes some old friends of ours masquerade not unamusingly and not without purpose. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Naydian and their children are worth becoming acquainted with. In spite of his somewhat vague ambitions, his extravagance and proneness to take his ease in his inn, we cannot help liking John, for his amiability, his cheerfulness and his true fatherly spirit. Even if we did not care about him for his own sake, we owe him, it is true, some consideration on account of the stock from which he has sprung. Loyalty to that stock is his ruling passion, and the same sentiment he never ceases to inculcate on his offspring. Of the young people in his eyes. As for Neil and Norton, Prince, Oliver and Jack are evidently the most important Bertie and Matt, though each of them is of no small consequence in his own opinion, and one of them grows menacingly boisterous at times, they never cause their father so much anxiety as their brothers. Nottie has influence with the kind old man, as is natural, for she is his only daughter. Of the grandchildren much might be said. We are particularly interested in Monty, but Tom, Otta, Ham, Queenie, Winnie, Fred, Charlotte and Vic have all their claims on our regard. Mrs. Naydian and her sons' wives would require a careful study to do them justice. Without bearing their characteristics in mind, we are, indeed, likely to lose sight of some of the most salient traits in their respective partners. It is, of course, impossible to do more than glance at this bright household in the limited space at our disposal. We may, however, say a good word for Mr. Naydian, and express the hope that his family circle will take account of his many responsibilities and refrain from annoying or embarrassing him by unseemly outbreaks of temper. We have no hesitation in saying that we have a high esteem for the Naydian family, that we wish it the fullest measure of prosperity, and would sincerely regret any conflict of interests among its members. To those who are curious to learn more about the position and prospects of the Naydians, we may add that "Mr. Naydian's Family Circle" may be obtained at the booksellers' at 25 cents a copy. The publisher is Mr. J. Theo. Robinson, of this city.

The American Society for Psychical Research was founded some years ago for the purpose of engaging in systematic study of the laws of mental action. The president is Professor S. P. Langley, of Washington. The council of over twenty members, includes also four vice-presidents, a treasurer and a secretary. The last mentioned officer is Mr. Richard Hodgson, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass. The society publishes reports of its meetings, experiments and the contributions of its members. The fourth part of the first volume of the "Proceedings" of the society (March, 1889), comprises reports of committees, accounts of personal experiences, etc. Of the first class are the second report on experimental psychology—that upon the diagram tests, by Prof. C. S. Minot; the report of the committee on mediumistic phenomena, by Mr. J. W. Warren;

the report of the committee on phantasms and presentiments, by Prof. J. Royce. There are also remarks, comments, notes and objections from various sources and touching different subjects. The first of the reports was based on 501 postal cards, with diagrams on them, received in response to a circular request. The answers have been classified, and the number of squares, circles, faces, books, cats, trees, arrows, etc., marked on the cards (each of which was to have ten diagrams) is stated, the sex of the sender being indicated wherever known. The general result showed an enormous preponderance of a few figures—the simplest geometrical figures ranking first. After presenting the data, Prof. Minot lays before the readers the psychical deductions which those data seem to him to warrant. One conviction is forced upon him by the results attained, and that is that the originality of individual minds is generally greatly over-estimated. The similarity in the figures that occurred to the senders he accepts as proving that the thoughts of each of us are in a large measure owned by the community. Prof. W. James differs from Prof. Minot on this point. The latter gentleman, he thinks, exaggerates the importance of the diagram habit. The reports on mediumistic phenomena, on thought transference and on phantasms and presentiments are all of interest to students of psychology, but we cannot do more than allude to them. The "Proceedings" are published by Messrs. Darrill and Upham, corner of Washington and School streets, Boston.

"Haliburton: the Man and the Writer," is the title of the first issue of the Haliburton series—so termed, from the Haliburton Society, King's College, Windsor, of which Prof. Roberts is president. This society was established in February, 1884—the outcome of a desire, on the part of certain leading King's College graduates and undergraduates, to further in some degree the development of a distinctive literature in Canada. The name of Nova Scotia's most distinguished prose writer was, accordingly, chosen to designate the society. Appropriately, it was able to secure the valuable paper on Haliburton himself—read by Mr. F. Blake Crofton before the Nova Scotia Historical Society—for its first annual publication. Both as biography and criticism it is worthy of the subject, the author having evidently been at no slight pains to attain accuracy of statement on points of fact, and his literary judgment being marked by insight, discretion and good taste.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.—That Mary wore false hair, and of many different colours, there is every reason to believe. Elizabeth is known to have had a collection of eighty wigs, and her dear cousin, with the unusual advantages of so many seasons in Paris, is not likely to have been far behind her. Among the statements of the accounts of her personal expenditure are numerous items of *perruques de cheveux*, and Sir Francis Knollis, writing to Bureleigh of the ever faithful "Mistress Mary Seton, the finest busker, that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's head of hair that is to be seen in any country," says; "And among the pretty devices she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be perewyke that shewed very delicately. And every other day she had a new device of head-dressing without any cost, and yet setting forth a woman gaylie well." This variety and eccentricity of coiffure naturally adds to the confusion, and makes greater the difficulty in identifying positively any of the portraits or descriptions of her. Historians say that her mother was tall and beautiful, that her father was dignified, having a fair complexion with light hair; and other and contemporaneous historians say that she inherited most of the characteristics of her parents, "being about the ordinary size, with fair complexion and Grecian features, and a nose somewhat longer than a painter would care to perpetuate; * * * her face was oval, her forehead high and fine." Froude, in later days, pictured her as graceful alike in person and in intellect, and as possessing that peculiar beauty in which the form is lost in the expression, and which every painter has represented differently; and Brantôme, one of the ancient chroniclers, summing it all up in one fine sentence, describes her at her marriage to the dauphin, as being "more beauteous and charming than a celestial goddess."

"An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel," was a very pretty speech for Shakspeare's Henry V. to make to the French king's daughter, but it gives us of to-day no better notion of Katherine's beauty than do all the composite portraits by painters and historians of the wondrous loveliness of the Queen of Scots.—*Laurence Hutton, in The Century for February.*